CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

WE ARE AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST....BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD.

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Original.

DR. OLIN'S MISSIONARY SERMON.

BY REV. J. M. AUSTIN.

In the New-York Daily Tribune of the 19th ult., there is an interesting, and in some respects, able discourse, delivered by the Rev. Dr. Olin, before the "Youth's Missionary Society." Dr. Olin is a Methodist clergyman, of high standing in his denomination; and, judging from this and other productions of his, which have fallen within my observation, he evidently is a divine of more than ordinary talents. There is much in this Missionary discourse to be commended. Especially would I allude to the forcible manner in which he has depicted the growing tendency among the wealthy portions of the so-called evangelical sects, to separate themselves as far as possible from the lower and poorer classes of community! The Dr. mourns over this tendency, and marvels that it should exist among those who profess to be the followers of Christ. Could I have his ear, I would take the liberty to suggest, that the cause of this deplorable state of things is not very remote. It is found in the very nature, and is the legitimate result, of the popular religious systems of the day. If there is one trait which more than another distinguishes these systems, it is their tendency to awaken partial, selfish, and exclusive feelings in the hearts of their professors. The "stand-by-thyself" spirit is the legitimate offspring of all limited schemes of salvation.

While commending much of Dr. Olin's discourse, there are two or three paragraphs of a character so remarkable, that I cannot resist the duty of calling the attention of the public to them, through the columns of this paper. They read as follows:—

"Oh! we are fearfully behind the spirit of our holy religion in our conceptions of its duties. If one could rise above the frosty atmosphere in which our spirits are wont to live and breathe, if we could shake off those traditionary sentiments that clog us and impede our movements, what should we think about the work of saving the world? Do you suppose that we could look out with indifference upon unconverted sinners around us? Do you suppose that the interposition of many parallels of latitude or longitude could limit our visitations, and stay the outbursts of our love for perishing nations? Do you suppose that the world, the flesh, and the devil would be able to blind us so egregiously that we could not see mighty processions, peoples, kindreds, nations, passing on in an unbroken career into ruin! Oh, our faith must be something else than what it now is. The word of God, as offering the preparation for eternal life, is the only means of rescuing an immortal soul from death, eternal death. Our faith must take these things in, as meaning something. We must not bring ourselves into such interpretation of them as to crush and press out and send to the winds all its precious meaning, all its power to move our consciences and our hearts.

"Brethren, do we believe in this word of God? Are we giving ourselves to the Lord? Are we doing this missionary work in the spirit of our text? I speak now no more of the general subject of benevolence, but in the application of it, I confine myself to the special object of this morning.

"Do we believe what the Bible says on this subject, as we believe its other announcements? Do we believe that there are three hundred millions of men, women, and children in China, of whom not one hundred thousand have ever heard of the Gospel or of Christ as a Savior, and that they who have heard, care no more for Him than they do for one of their dead idols; that they live without one contrite emotion, without a tear, without smiting on the breast even once, or ever crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Do we believe that these three hundred millions of immortals are passing like a vast, uncounted, countless army to the bar of God? Is there any interposition to be hoped for beyond the present world? Shall terms of mercy be offered them after they die? Are then three-score years and ten the only age, the only time, the only eternity in which to labor for their salvation? If you estimate it according to the interests it embodies, if you believe that this is the period in which their salvation must be secured, or that they must be damned—and if you do'nt believe it, what do you believe—having given yourselves to the Lord, having agreed from your covenant relations with him to take his word for your guide, to take these things as he has revealed them?—Oh, if we occupy the Christian position, what are we about? Have we hearts and can we feel? or are we of them who have "eyes and see not, who have ears and hear not." Is it in vain that the declarations of eternal truth in regard to the inevitable curse that must press upon the nations which know not God, has been spoken in our ears? Has it been a mistake in Christ that these nations, these Churches, these Christians, this people have been chosen to be the repositories of a truth pregnant with eternal results, to be the keepers of a light that must illuminate the nations, or they must perish in unutterable woe? Has he made a mistake? Are we his chosen vessels? Are we the men and women whom he has had in his eye, whom he has commanded to carry out and to send forth this saving message? Then I ask, what are we doing? What are the Churches doing? Oh! if we had the spirit of our Savior, if his law were our rule, what efforts would be made, what liberality displayed on the part of those who possess anything of this world's treasure. How should we deny ourselves to save something to give to save souls? How should we labor intensely at the work, as far as providential circumstances would allow, that we might achieve the means of sending the Gospel to those who perish for lack of it."

We have a fair specimen in the above, of that *equivocal*

preaching which has become fashionable of late, among the clergy of the dominant sects, and which, in fact, they are driven to practise, to retain their hold on public sentiment. It will be seen that the Dr. does not assert directly, that there are *three hundred millions of men, women, and children* in China, all going to eternal perdition!! But he asks his audience whether *they* believe so appalling a fact; and thus adroitly attempts to *make* them believe it, without committing himself by uttering an assertion so monstrous. He resorts to the same ambuscade behind an interrogation point, in suggesting other considerations. Instead of declaring that there is no interposition to be hoped for beyond the present world—that no terms of mercy will be offered the heathen after death—that three-score years and ten is the only age, the only time, the only eternity in which to labor for their salvation—he inquires whether these things are believed, and if so, what are such believers about? The preacher is cunningly careful not to declare he believes in any absurdity of this description; but he evidently is anxious to have his audience believe it on their own responsibility—much to the peril, it must be acknowledged, of their reputation for good sense.

If Dr. Olin honestly believes three hundred millions of heathen in China are all sinking into endless tortures—and that this number have, every generation of thirty years, been swallowed up in eternal perdition—if he believes there can be nothing done for them after death; that there is no heavenly Father to pity them; no Savior to stretch forth his arm and rescue, enlighten and save them—why does he not say so plainly and frankly? If he does not cherish a belief which attributes proceedings so disgraceful to God and Christ, why does he seek to mislead the public mind on these points, by deceptive pretences? Is Christianity so poor, so barren of influences to urge men to benevolent action, that its preachers must get up "false capital" to move the heart to sympathy?

Modern evangelism is a strange compound. Look a moment at this notion which it desires to impress on the minds of men, to open their pockets. Three hundred millions of heathen, each thirty years, are cast into endless woe, for not believing in God and Christ, and not accepting "the terms of salvation," when in fact the poor creatures never heard of God or Christ, or any terms of salvation!! Can a thought more absolutely blasphemous against the Father of Spirits and the Savior of men, be coined in the human brain? And yet professed preachers of the Gospel dare hint the awful impeachment, in the face of a Christian audience, and not a tongue breaks the silence to rebuke the foul libel!

Dr. Olin inquires whether Christ has made a "mistake" in selecting *evangelical* christians, as "chosen vessels" to save these millions of heathen, "or they must perish in unutterable woe?" If we are to judge of the fitness of these "chosen vessels" for such a work, by the rebukes which the learned Dr. deals out to them, it is quite evident the Savior has made some mistake in the matter. There is at least room for diversity of opinion as to the wisdom of his choice, if such it is. Alas! poor heathen! God can do nothing for them more, here or hereafter—Christ can render them no assistance; his hands are somehow strangely tied, so that he cannot lift a finger to succor them—both the Father and Son have exhausted their resources, and have not even yet succeeded in making themselves known to these benighted beings—their destiny rests in the hands of evangelical professors, and yet they, according to this preacher, are so negligent that "they look with indifference on unconverted sinners around them!!"

How is it possible that rational men and women can bring themselves into the belief of views so singularly unreasonable! To suppose an infinitely wise and gracious Father would allow the eternal destiny of his own offspring to rest upon the exertions of frail and selfish man to carry them the word of life—yea, to depend upon the liberality with which *money* is paid over to orthodox missionaries—is taking a view of the ways of the Most High, which is anything but creditable to those who cherish it.

The extract I have inserted affords food for many reflections of a profitable character; but I cannot go into farther detail. I trust the reader will ponder on the suggestions I have thrown out, and at least honor God sufficiently to believe he will not condemn a people for not believing a gospel they have never heard.

Auburn, N. Y.

Original.

LETTER FROM INDIANA.

Lafayette, Ind., Dec. 25th, 1848.

Bro. Skinner:—Weekly I am greeted with the welcome visitant, the "Messenger." My feelings of respect for it are strong, and amount almost to reverence, caused, I apprehend, by its being the first publication I ever read in defence of the heavenly and soul-inspiring faith of a world's salvation. Right well do I remember with what eagerness I scanned the almost worn out numbers which accidentally came into my hands. Their contents were to my young heart, like refreshing showers on the thirsty plain. The blasting mildew of rank Presbyterianism, to some extent, had fastened its unholy fangs on my understanding. But "thanks be to God," his grace rescued me from its withering and poisonous influence. This is one of the reasons, out of the many which are deducible from facts, of the great good of a free distribution of our papers, even old ones, and should serve as an incentive to your many readers, if they wish the stream of joy to become wider and wider, to endeavor to extend the circulation of your paper, and not to withhold "the one thing needful," if they desire "the waters of life" to continue to flow from that fountain. Had I a thousand names, I know of no paper more deserving and worthy of them than the "Messenger," which ably defends *the Gospel*, the last hope for us poor mortals.

An unchristian event (to say the least), has recently occurred in this field of ministerial labors. The *pious* people of this place "consorted" together, and, in the plenitude of their charity, ejected the despised followers of "the Savior of the world," from an humble school-room, and would not allow us the privilege of worshipping God as he had revealed himself to our minds, although the room had been used by almost every other class of professed Christians. Was the common objection true, which is hurled against our blessed faith by our haughty opposers—that "all the drunkards. gamblers, blasphemers, libertines and robbers are always found encouraging Universalism,"—we would require a house in this place, as large as the largest we have in the Union, and then it would be well filled. But what are the facts? Partialism, in all its qualities, from the Catholic down to her latest born, is well supported; and in the various places I have visited, not excepting our Southern cities and towns, I never have witnessed so much high-handed crime and wickedness as I have known in this place, according to the number of population. Yet, so completely is this community (and it always has been,) under the influence of partialism, and so sound in the faith, that they will not allow Universalism to be defended. This incident will forever satisfy my mind, who our opposers are, and who sustains the opposite faith to Universalism.

I will give you the circumstances, (which are known to some of your readers,) which occurred while I was East

last winter, in connection with the heroic conduct of a cousin of mine since I left for this country. About three months ago I received a letter which contained the joyful news, as the writer considered it, that the above cousin had effectually annihilated "my doctrine," as my informant termed it, in three set sermons from the words of Ezek., xiii: 22. I thought, and still think, my correspondent possesses a queer heart, to rejoice at the establishment of the horrid idea of a ceaseless hell, when he has no surety but that he may be one to experience it, if such a place exists. If we admit Universalism to be false, these righteous people must have very strange hearts, to be made "sad" by the intelligence that all men shall be redeemed from the power of sin. Would it make an earthly parent's heart sad, who had wayward and prodigal sons, to be informed that they had abandoned their prodigality, and were returning home?

At a convenient season, I addressed a letter to this cousin, and I suppose it was received about as I expected it would be. The moral cowardice of a great majority of the popular clergy I do despise. Our sentiments are of sufficient consequence for their pious notices, when they get into that irresponsible place, the pulpit; but when they get out of it, they assume an air of sanctity which forbids their giving us a reason for their false representations of us. This cousin manifested more discretion than a Rev. Mr. Leggett, who concluded to destroy the "heresy," as he termed Universalism, while I was East. I will not here review what he said, for that was done at the time of his attack. His criticisms were of a new and rich quality, at least to me. I wish to notice them and his manner of defending them. Speaking of the word *hades*, he said, the Universalist says it always means the grave, but with an air of triumph he declared, and repeated the expression, that *hades* was never translated grave once in the Scriptures. He further said, *hades* sometimes meant a place of future happiness, and sometimes a place of future misery. I embraced the advantage of his invitation to call on him the next day, taking Dr. Geo. Campbell's Notes on the Gospels with me. After refreshing his mind in regard to what he had said the night previous, I mentioned to him that he and Dr. C. disagreed, and asked him to be so kind as to point out the Dr.'s errors. The Dr. says: "It is useless to enumerate the instances wherein the word hades is rendered grave." He gratified my humble wish with mulish silence and the biting of his lips.

Since he admitted that hades sometimes meant a place of future happiness, and sometimes a place of future misery, I wished him to inform me which the prophet (Hosea, xiii: 14), referred to—the place of happiness or misery. The prophet says, "O grave (hades) I will be thy destruction." Here he found himself between two fires. To say the prophet referred to the place of future happiness, would be to say that God will be the destruction of heaven, and for him to admit that it was the place of future misery, would make the prophet war with his cherished doctrine—endless misery. I felt for him, and asked him to give me this *bit* of criticism under his own hand, that I might have it published to the world, for the benefit of the benighted critics of our land and other lands. Here is a Presbyterian preacher, who has been preaching more years than I had months then, who was unable to sustain his malevolent creed, and I told him he was aware of that fact.

In the place where I spent my boyhood days, after I had delivered my first sermon to the friends—and the first sermon ever preached in the place in defence of "the glorious gospel of our blessed Lord," a Methodist brother wished to know if I would preach from a passage of Scripture he would give me (and it is worthy of remark, that he, at this time, conducted himself respectably); I told him that I would. The time arrived for me to deliver the sermon, and all the country around came up to hear what I could say. After the sermon, I invited any present, if they wished to show any untenable position I had occupied, to point it out to me. My Methodist friend arose, in the majesty of his might, and commenced a low and abusive tirade against the doctrine of grace, terming it "the devil's doctrine," and assured the people "no man was ever called to preach it, except by the devil." He continued in this strain for some time. In reply, I granted all he said about the being by whom I was called, and recollecting Paul's words to "rebuke them sharply," I frankly appealed to the audience, if the man himself was not the identical being who had called me to preach the doctrine I had defended that night. According to his own testimony they could determine who the devil was. This only raised his holy indignation, but it was of no avail; he had destroyed himself like one of old.

ALPHEUS BULL.

Original.

FIVE YEARS' RESIDENCE IN NEW-LONDON, CONN.

NUMBER IV.

BY REV. T. J. GREENWOOD.

It was just as the roar of the tempest mentioned in my last was beginning to subside, and while yet its ravings could occasionally be heard, that I commenced my labors in New-London. This, among the other peculiar moral and religious elements of the place, of course was not to be forgotten, and my course was to be shaped, as far as might be, in adaptation to the influences by which I was surrounded.

I chose, and my conscience and experience have since ratified the choice, to infuse the peaceful leaven of the Gospel into the public mind, so far as I was able to reach it, without even allusion, publicly, to the scenes that had transpired; fully satisfied that by this course, a better state of things must ultimately ensue. Peacefully, and noiselessly, our little society seconded my efforts; and our Sabbath School was soon organized, as a hopeful agent in ultimate reform. But we had no convenient place for its meeting. The basement of our Church was unfinished; and the pecuniary means of the Society had, to the extent of their ability, been expended on the Church. The idea was suggested to a circle of ladies, of holding a social "Tea-Party," or "Fair," to procure funds to finish the basement—and the plan was adopted with entire success. Nothing of the kind had before been introduced into the place, and public curiosity and interest were both awakened, and a throng attended, and, apparently much gratified with the entertainment they enjoyed, left a handsome sum of money to be appropriated to the object named; the measure giving no dissatisfaction, or uneasiness to any one, so far as I know, except to draw out from Elder Swan, the pulpit declaration, as the *spice* of one of his sermons, the precise point or pungency of which I have never been able to discover—that "Jezabel's wife had been prompting the women to go round selling tea and coffee, to get money *to buy wampum to dress up the Devil's palace with*." Thus, in due time, we were possessed of one of the most spacious, and convenient halls in the city for our Sunday School, and our conference meetings; which latter were held every Wednesday evening while I was in the city, and sometimes in my absence.

Early in the same Fall, also, a Church was organized, of about forty members, thus completing our social arrangements; and everything was ready for the prosecution of our labor. From this time forth, for a considerable space, nothing of a special character occurred that requires mention; indeed, nothing to interrupt the

"smooth, and equal course of our affairs," save, occasionally, a sally of spleen or malignity from some small spirit, whose presence could only be known by the effervescence of its zeal to aid a bad cause by unchristian means. Incidents of this kind might be noticed, were they worthy of the time, interspersed at frequent intervals along our pathway, sufficient to show us that the spirit of sectarian bitterness still had existence. One instance, however, transpired a short time previous to my location in New-London, blacker with the spirit of unkindness, and even *meanness*, than often occurs among any people—an event which I have before chronicled, and which deserves, as the politicians say, to be "kept before the people" as a standing witness of the baseness of which sectarian bitterness can be guilty. The Rev. Nehemiah Dodge, a man who had grown gray in the Christian ministry had, in his early days, been for years the Pastor of the *Baptist Church* in New London, latterly under the care of Elder Swan. The Church was then in weakness, and in poverty; suffering the persecution and opposition of the "standing order," and scarcely able to keep a place of worship which could shelter the worshippers from the winds and storm. Their Pastor, in commiseration of their condition, even while he had a young and growing family dependent on his support, supplied the rough board desk, almost without compensation: and frequently gave back the little that was paid him, in materials for making the house of worship comfortable for the worshippers; and so, for a long time, he continued to live and to labor. But, subsequently, a change came over his religious views, and by prayerful investigation, he was enabled to proclaim himself as one who "trusted in the living God, who is the Savior of all men, especially of them that believe." In this faith he lived; and this faith he publicly proclaimed for years, whenever a door was opened;—and in the calm support and blessed influences of this faith at length he *died*, at an advanced age. From the time of his embracing the faith of Universalism, his former friends became his *enemies* and traducers, and saw, or thought they saw, many inconsistencies and improprieties in his course, which they had entirely overlooked while he was a Baptist—but though he lived in their midst many years after his conversion, no act, even by them, was ever pointed out as deserving their reproach, while he was a Universalist! But as I have said, at length he died, while the Universalist Church was in progress of erection. He had witnessed the laying of its foundation, and his heart rejoiced in the hope that he might listen to the shouting with which its cap-stone should be brought forth,—but this hope faded, and he ascended to be a worshipper in the TEMPLE NOT MADE WITH HANDS! When his mortal body was prepared for the rites of sepulture, and it was deemed by his friends that public religious solemnities should attend its deposite in the "narrow house," and they made application for the use of that church where his aged widow with him had worshipped in their younger days, and in helping to erect which they had both suffered loss—when lo! *Shame* weeps as she is compelled to record the fact, —*the mourners were turned away; its use by them was denied!* I will not indulge in lengthy comment on the act! It will live, to look that people in the face with a reproving spirit, while the last of them shall linger on the earth, —and when the temple's walls shall totter and fall with old age, the last creaking timber shall shriek out, *Shame!*

Dover, N. H., Nov. 1848.

BAD THINGS.—Pete Whetstone's notion of bad things is as follows, and we incline to think he is no more than half right: "An unfaithful servant, a smoky house, a stumbling horse, a scolding wife, an empty purse, an undutiful child a dull razor, tight boots, mosquitoes, a fop and a subscriber who won't pay for his paper."

Original.

BR. CHAMBERLIN—ABINGDON, VA.

BROTHER BULKELEY:—As I have received another letter from Br. W. R. Chamberlin, who recently took his residence in the Old Dominion, where the doctrine of unlimited grace had never before been preached, I take the liberty to give a brief extract, that I think may be of interest to you and your readers.

He says: "I have recently been exploring the country round about, and if I could see you face to face, I could recount some interesting circumstances. I could relate an instance of a most happy conversion from the peace destroying doctrine of endless misery, to strong and lively faith in the universality of God's grace and love. The subject was a lady, whose husband had but recently seen the glory of God shining round about him; when he heard his companion express a conviction that God's love embraced all mankind, he was overwhelmed with joy!—I have never seen such faith, no, not in Israel, as these new converts manifested. Their zeal is ardent, but rational. I could speak of old Methodists, of 20 years standing, who say they cannot hold on to their notion of future punishment. * * * * * * * *

And then, on the other hand, I could speak of the most bitter opposition, and laughable instances of bigotry.

There is a small village a few miles from town, where the people are really inquiring for the way of truth and life. Last Sunday I preached there, in the top or attic of an old wool-carding-mill, to upwards of a hundred. * * I could hear of no objections to my conclusions. A good society will be formed there. They have provided me with a horse, and say to me 'give yourself no uneasiness, you shall have a living here.' I have some very kind, warm and able friends in this community.

In town the progress is not so perceptible. Sectarism has been long years, forging its fetters; and now the people find how strong they are. All that ignorance, superstition, and prejudice could possibly do, in opposition to my operations, has been resorted to. M. H. Smith has done much. But I think their fetters must break by and by. Some instances of prejudices removed, already exist.

Yesterday I rode out about five miles, where I have not before been. I encountered a lady, who was as bitter as she could be. She said—'They are all going crazy in the upper end of the county, (meaning the place I have spoken of where I held meetings) about your doctrine; and I am sure I want to keep clear of it. I want nothing do to with it. I am afraid of it, &c.' She had a child in her lap, and I made that the subject of remark until I drew some expression of kindness and sympathy. I then asked her, if she would save all men if she could? She said, yes. And so we went on, until she concluded the doctrine I preached was very desirable. Next time I see her, I predict she will be much more affable than yesterday. Indeed, I think I have *spoken for* her, for a member of a Universalist Society." * * * * *

The above, to be sure, was not intended for publication; yet I judge it may serve to rejoice the hearts of others, as it has mine.

I have felt much interested in Br. C.'s labors, as I have known him for a long time, as one of our truest brethren; and of his intention for more than two years, to visit that region, as a Pioneer—like Murray and Rogers—to scatter the "good seed of the kingdom." The Lord give him strength and wisdom, and bless him and his companion abundantly in their new field of Gospel duty and love. E. F.

Utica, N. Y.

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER — NO. XXVIII.

FLORENCE, Sept. 2, 1848.

BROS :—We have been here near a week, having left Genoa on the afternoon of the date of my last. The view of Genoa, and the rugged hills back of it is exceedingly beautiful, when seen from the water. The charming bay, and protected harbor, with a pharos on the end of each heavy stone pier, which interlock so as to afford safety to the shipping; the compact city, with its steeples and tiers of houses, rising one above another; the two strong citadels now crumbling, stone by stone, under the pecking and prying of the nerved arm of the sturdy democracy, and in open defiance of royal order to desist from the work of demolition; the white outer wall with lofty parapets and towers, reaching far up the sides of the mountains, in an irregular, angular form, with a strong arsenal at the farthest height; the white villas in the vale, stretched along between the shore and the steep barren mountains; the extensive convents and nunneries scattered about in the little vales, indented high up the mountains, and old chateaux which crown the summits of many peaks, proving that feudalism once set its iron hoof on the necks of this people; all fronted by the calm surface of the sea. Everything is beautifully romantic! a scenery which cannot be excelled by anything of its kind; Naples, perhaps, excepted.

We came from Genoa to Leghorn in a steamer, at the rapid rate of *six and a half miles* an hour by the engineer's time; and he was an honest Scotchman. And such a boat! It would not be thought fit for a mud towboat in our harbor. Let it pass. There are no where in the world, such boats for neatness, beauty, and comfort, as float on American waters. We left at 5, P. M., and at 8, A. M. were at Leghorn. Fare—well we *beat them down* from 45 to 28 francs, and so called it cheap.

At daylight, we arose to look at the beautiful skies of Italia, and to see the sun rise over the Appenines. The sea was calm, without a ripple—the sky without a cloud. The morning-star beamed mildly, and those of lesser grade twinkled beautifully, but dimly, in their places. We were bearing south-east, with dark mountains behind us; a broad plain at some distance on our left; the round, rough-headed Gorgon Isle on our right; with Corsica and Elba looming up in the distance beyond, and more in front. Before us was the city with its many masts, and men of war riding at anchor in the outer harbor. The air was cool and balmy, and everything but the thought of home, conspired to wrap the soul in feelings of delight.

Leghorn is a place of a good deal of business, it being the port of Tuscany, as Genoa is of Piedmont. Its port, which is protected by a long pier for a break-water, is tolerably commodious and very safe. There are here as at Genoa, no wharves along which vessels may lie and discharge their cargoes, but lighters are employed to carry freight, and row-boats the passengers, from the anchorage to the city. This is a cause of great annoyance, subjecting one to a useless loss of time and money. Vessels of many nations were riding at anchor or moored in the port, with their respective flags floating in the shrouds.

Our passports were taken from us at the booking office in Genoa, and delivered to us at the police office. Our baggage was looked at but not examined, thanks to the small quantity. We spent the forenoon in looking about the town, which is very pretty and thrifty in some parts; went through its market; called on some gentlemen to whom we had letters; heard a mournful description of the late rising of the *people*, who went to the arsenal, equipped themselves, seized the Governor and put him in prison, and held the control of the town for three days; when they surrendered it to the proper authorities, and on honorable conditions. Great alarm prevailed in certain quarters, of course, lest the city should be plundered by the mob! But no harm was done to the persons or property of any one. These *masses* are not so blood-thirsty and destructive after all, even when plunder is within their reach, as tyrants and aristocrats have represented. It is nothing for a king to sack a city or country and give its citizens to plunder and outrage. That is all well enough. But when the people assert their rights and make these tyrants feel their weakness, though they *really* injure no one, a great hue and cry is raised that the peace and safety of the world is endangered! They have no malice in their hearts; there are no coronets for their heads; they have wives and children to protect, and God-given rights to defend; in doing this, the aristocracy become dreadfully alarmed, and frighten themselves and families with murders, and robberies, and plunderings; but which never take place except at their own instigation! They look upon these movings as the outbreak of wild beasts, long and cruelly caged. Though trained to deeds of hate and violence, of blood and butchery, at wholesale, by order and *by law*, the masses are rarely guilty of either when they rise in their own defence. What has been done in Paris, in Berlin, in Vienna, in Munich, or Leghorn, to compare with the orders of kings to crush the people and satisfy the few; or to justify the alarms raised against the actions of the people? These risings are not mobs, collected to resist the *law!* They may be in defiance of the laws of tyrants; but they are in accordance with a superior law which enacts, first of all, the right of all men to life, liberty, and happiness. Europe—Italy in particular, and some in our own country, need information on these points, and these are the lessons by which knowledge is to be gained.

All is peaceable now at Leghorn, though the Grand Duke is concentrating forces there to intimidate the people; more likely to exasperate them to another rising, to surge wider and deeper—if he is not careful, to the upheaving of the frail foundations of his own dukedom.

The railroad being out of order, we took a voiture to Pisa, 16 miles. The ride was very pleasant. The road is almost a perfect level, wide, and well macadamized, bordered on either side, all the way, with trees at a distance of twenty feet or so, apart, with grape vines, loaded with ripe fruit, festooned from one to another, sometimes supported in the centre by a stake placed there for that purpose. The road runs nearly north at a distance of several miles from the sea, with the dark ridge of mountains before us from which much of the celebrated Italian marble is excavated, which is shipped from Leghorn to various parts of the world.

Of course we ascended the Leaning Tower, and from its top, gazed upon plain, and mountain, and sea, and were satisfied to see with our own eyes what has been a thousand times described. But who can form a correct idea of beautiful scenery by looking into a book? This tower is a curious affair, but not so wonderful as we expected to find it. The strangest thing about it is that no one can tell whether it was built perpendicular, or in its present position. It is a simple round tower, over 150 feet high, with eight rows of small columns, one above another. It is, perhaps, 30 or 40 feet in diameter at the base, gradually tapered to the top. It leans about fifteen feet from the perpendicular, enough to be distinguished by one who ascends the stairs inside. It is built like the cathedral and *battisterio* near which it stands, of dark and white marble, in blocks, alternating. In our weak judgment its leaning is the result of a settling in the foundation. The whole appearance indicates it, especially to

one who has seen the leaning, toppling houses and churches in Holland. Besides, it does not lean according to "method," directly towards or from the cathedral, but in an awkward angle from it. The side towards the river is lowest, as would be natural in case the foundation should settle, for the ground that side would be most likely to give way under such a load. And further, the inclination is not sufficient to justify the conclusion, that the German architect who built it wished to display a mechanical talent, by such a leaning specimen. There is a plain square tower of mixed marble, standing in nearly the same relation to the cathedral in this city, which is also indicative that the tower at Pisa was, like it, built erect.

The cathedral of Pisa is an immense building and a splendid specimen of Grecian architecture. It was erected in the 11th century. The interior is adorned with lofty and splendid columns of various and finely wrought marbles, with elegant statues and paintings by the best artists. Near it, in front, stands the baptistry, a round building adorned with pillars of various kinds of marble, inside and out. The font and pulpit are extremely fine. The latter is sculptured, of fine marbles, and stands on small columns, one of Egyptian, one of Spanish, one of Parian, one of Porphyry, &c., and these are placed upon the backs of crouching lions which form their base. Back, or on the side of these is the *Campo Santo*, or burial ground, one of the greatest wonders of Italian art. The earth was brought from Mount Calvary in three ships, by the Pisans under Arch-bishop Ubaldo Lanfranchi, who accompanied Richard the *Lion-hearted*, in the pious wars of the Crusades. It is an oblong square, surrounded by Gothic halls, forming a sort of colonnade inside, in which are numerous Etruscan and Roman antiquities—*sarcophagi*, urns, vases, &c. The walls are painted in fine frescos by the old masters, Memmi, Benozzo, Gozzoli, and others, representing the old notions of the doctrines of the Church, the judgment, heaven, hell, &c.

The city itself is pleasantly situated on both sides of the Arno, some miles from its mouth, and contains, at present, some 17,000 or 18,000 inhabitants. In the palmy days of the Republic it contained over 150,000. Its streets are wide, regular, and well paved, but hushed and silent as a city that is forsaken—almost like the house of death. The grass in many streets grows up between the paving stones, and the rumbling of our carriage wheels sounded mournful in the midst of such silence. There are left some signs of former greatness besides the buildings before described. The great quays and three fine stone bridges over the Arno, the stately fortified buildings on either side, the numerous churches and monasteries, several old palaces, the university, &c., all give evidence of what Pisa *was*. But it is no longer great. There have been, of late, a few throes, which it is feared are no more than the result of galvanic shocks communicated to it by the Leghorn and Florence railroad, which has a station here, which brings them news of the mighty doings in other parts of the world. As galvanism is said to be a life-stirring agent, there may be an awakening, a resurrection, when Italy arises to shake itself from the dust of centuries. The greatest sign of life was about the station on the arrival and departure of the train.

The country up the valley of the Arno, is excellent and beautiful. The railroad by which we came passes through richly cultivated fields, partitioned off by single, and, sometimes, double rows of trees, festooned with grape vines, into oblong squares of two or three acres, with ditches running around them for irrigation. The vines and fig-trees are loaded with the most delicious fruits, and everything but the people wears the aspect of beauty and plenty.

A host of carriages were in waiting and runners without number, as eager as any New York hackman, to do us service. We arranged as best we could, and soon got through the crowd and gate, and Dogana, safe to our hotel, where we have found a quiet and comfortable home, abating rather warm nights and too many musketoes. But we are getting along very well.

Adieu, W. S. B.

Original.

OPPOSITION AT THE SOUTH.

The opposition to Universalism in the Middle and Southern States, is entirely different from that experienced in the Northern and Eastern portions of our country. The truth of this remark is admitted by every one who has had the means of judging of the present state of religious affairs.

When Father Ballou visited Baltimore a few years ago, he stated that, according to the best of his knowledge, the character of the opposition to Universalism in this city was much the same as that which he had experienced in Boston twenty or thirty years ago.

We have but very little open warfare now, and even this comes from a class of men whose fellowship we do not covet. Take the following as a sample of many others of the same character.

Not long since, I received a tract through the P. O., directed by some person whose handwriting resembles that of Rev. Elias Heiner. As the tract was designed to misrepresent the views of Universalists, I felt impelled to give it a review in my pulpit. The audience was large and attentive, and as was naturally to be expected, some praised and others faulted my remarks. Among the latter were two gentlemen (?) of very loquacious characters, friends of the class of preachers to which Mr. Heiner belongs, who were very loud in their condemnation of what they had heard; they were so much enraged that they gave vent to their feelings in oaths and imprecations, such as are seldom heard from men laying any claim to respectability. It is impossible to say to what length these gentlemen would have gone in their anathemas had they not, like many other orators, become so thirsty that they found it necessary to call at a grog shop to quench their thirst!

Such is the character of some of the opposers of Universalism in Baltimore. Query. Did Universalism teach these men to drink, curse and swear? J. S.

Baltimore, January, 1849.

Railroad Direct to California.—A project for penetrating the Gold Region of California and bringing the trade of Asia at once on to the Mississippi, has been broached, which seems at once bolder and more feasible than the scheme of Messrs. Plumbe, Wilkes, Whitney and others for a Railroad to Oregon. It is alleged that a line nearly due west from the Mississippi just below St. Louis to San Francisco is the shortest and most practicable route to California; and it is recommended that this be made the line of a grand railroad. It is claimed that such a road can be built cheaper than any other, for the iron sufficient for its construction is already above ground, and in the act of being rolled into bars at Pilot Knob, south Missouri; and the inexhaustable coal beds in Illinois, near the commencement of the route, like the Iron Mountains, seem to have been formed especially to facilitate this apparently visionary, but yet, if accomplished, most stupendous of all human undertakings. A Magnetic Telegraph is designed to accompany the Railroad, and, if commenced, will be speedily completed and put in operation.—*Boston Transcript.*

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY JANUARY 27, 1849.

S. C. BULKELEY &CO., PUBLISHERS.

N. Y. BAPTIST REGISTER, vs. UNIVERSALISM.

[Continued.]

II.—He next proceeds to prove that Universalism is not the religion of the Bible, because it denies the divinity of Christ. Here, again, is another weak or wicked attempt to deceive or mislead the public, and increase its hostility to Universalism by using improper terms, or terms that we never use in defining our views on this subject. Have we ever denied, or said we did not believe in the divinity of Christ? No. We do believe in his divinity in the true sense of the term. We believe he is the divinely appointed Mediator, the divinely annointed Son, the true Messiah of God; we believe in the divinity of his mission, his miracles, his doctrine. But because we do not believe he is the supreme Deity who sent him into the world; because we do not believe he is his own Father, and begat himself—that he prayed to himself; and that the ever living and immortal God actually died and left the universe without a God! why, we are accused o denying the divinity of Christ! It is not a little amusing to see the attempts of this writer to prove the Supreme Deity of Christ. His first proof is Luke iii. 22. "Thou art my beloved Son." He argues, that as a son must partake of the nature of the father, so Christ, being the Son of God, must have partaken of the nature of God, &c.

Well, what then? What would follow, allowing this proved the Supreme Deity of Christ? Why, that there are as many supreme deities, as there are sands upon the sea shore; or, at all events as many as there are true believers in Christ. Son and child—sons and children—are equivalent or synonymous terms. Look at the following: "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name," John i. 12. "He called them gods to whom the word of God came," John x. 35. "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God. The creation itself shall be delivered into the glorious liberty of the children of God," Rom. viii 14,16,21. "That by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature," 2 Pet. i. 4. (Does this make all *supreme gods* who partake of it?) To resemble God morally and practically, is to be a *son* or *child* of God, in the true Scriptural sense of the term. (See Matt. v. 44, 45, 48.) Christ is pre-eminently the Son of God. He is emphatically, and *par excellence*, THE *Son of God*, not only because he is morally the image of the invisible God, the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person, the nearest resemblance of him that man has ever beheld; but also, because he is the "beginning of the creation of God," and on him was poured out the Spirit beyond measure.

Another very curious argument of our Baptist champion to prove the supreme deity of Christ, is, that as the Son of God he was *sent* into the world. If sent, he must have existed as the Son *before* being sent. If so, he was more than man; and if more than man, he must be the Supreme God! This is a kind of logic we must confess ourselves not master of; nor do we deem it necessary to attempt its refutation. We should naturally suppose, according to our plain, homespun logic, that the very terms employed, the language, GOD SENT HIS SON, forbid the idea of the supremacy of the Son. It must be a *superior* who *sends*, and an *inferior* who *is sent*—implying authority on the one part, submission and obedience on the other. His closing proof under this head is John i. 1. "In the beginning was the word," &c.; but he does not explain, in the beginning of *what*? nor tell us whether the text means that *God was with himself* nor show that the term is used in any higher sense than it is in John x. 35. His concluding sentence and all the comment he makes on the text is this: "Such is the doctrine of the Bible. But this Universalism denies; therefore we repeat, Universalism is not the Religion of the Bible." Sage reasoning this.

III. The third reason assigned by the writer in the Register, to prove that "Universalism is not the Religion of the Bible, is this, that it "denies the doctrine of native depravity." But is it not a little singular—it would be for a reasonable man—that after our champion had started with the proposition that the Bible was to be the infallible standard of truth, and that "every doctrine," to be believed, must be "supported by plain passages of Scripture, such as are not likely to be misunderstood," he should so soon forget his own rule and standard, and denounce us as anti-Bible people for not believing what he has quoted, and can quote *no scriptures* to prove—what is not even named in the Bible? Does the Bible say anything about "native depravity?" Not a word. The word native occurs but once in the Bible, and is then applied to *country*, (not depravity,) and the word *depravity* is not to be found in all the Bible.

He may, perhaps, think he has adduced Scriptures to prove the *doctrine* of native depravity, in substance, if he has not found the very *terms*. But this we deny. He has only quoted garbled portions of six passages, neither verse of which he has given in full, viz. (Gen. i. 27, Eccl. vii. 29, Rom. v. 12, 18, 19, 1 Cor. xv. 22,) and neither of which comes within hailing distance of the object for which they were professedly quoted, namely, to prove *native depravity*. Moreover, if the reader will take his Bible and turn to those passages, and read them through, he will find that they, particularly those in Romans and Corinthians used antithetically, clearly prove the doctrine of Universalism true, while the writer of these articles attempts, by them, to prove that "Universalism is not the religion of the Bible."

IV. His fourth argument is this: "Universalism denies that man has a soul distinct from his bodily organization, and affirms that the soul is material and mortal." To prove this charge he professes to make two quotations from the writings of Universalists, one from Mr. Everett's Appendix to the life of Murray, and the other from Kneeland's Lectures, neither of which is correctly quoted or fairly represented. On the page referred to in the latter work, no such language as he quotes, or any thing resembling it is found. And while he pretends to quote from the former, (p.279,) the following language: "It is not admitted by Universalists that man has a bodily and spiritual nature, or a body and soul, but that which is usually called the soul, depends entirely on the organization of the body and is a part of it;" the fact is, no such language or ideas are found there. The following is all that is said on the subject, viz., "Nor is it now admitted by Universalists generally, that man possesses *two natures*." Now what are we to think of the honesty, fairness, and candor of a writer calling himself a Christian, who will thus wilfully manufacture such charges without the least shadow or evidence of truth, in order to spite and slander a hated sect of fellow Christians? The language of Mr. Everett gives no warrant whatever to the charge this writer prefers, neither

does that of Mr. Kneeland. But even if it did, with regard to their individual opinions, it would be no proof against the denomination, which in many things, differ widely with them on the subject. But we venture the assertion that "Mentz," this writer in the Baptist Register, never in his life read the works he professes to quote from. He has taken up these charges second-hand from some unprincipled and licensed slanderer of Universalism, and retailed them *ad libitum*, without knowing, or probably caring whether true or false. And if we are not greatly mistaken he got them from Matthew Hale Smith, that notorious, wicked, and unprincipled libeller of the great doctrine of a world's salvation, who, since his apostacy, could never touch or allude to a Universalist sentiment or sentence, without falsifying and perverting it. We have not his work by us now. But the real language quoted above, and the pretended language given by the Register writer, are as near alike as Smith generally gets to the language and sentiments of Universalists on which he comments.

Now, be it known, that not one Universalist in a hundred denies the immortality of the soul. There are a *few*, who, like some of the Orthodox sects, maintain the sleep of the soul between death and the resurrection; but all hold to its ultimate immortal, and endless existence. And those who represent the reverse of this, may be set down as ignorant or wilful slanderers.

V. The next pretended proof offered by this writer, that Universalism is not the religion of the Bible, is that it "rejects the doctrine of a vicarious atonement." He is shocked at the impiety of Universalism in denying that Christ

"—— quenched his Father's flaming sword
In his own vital blood."

After proving by a quotation from one of our writers, that Universalists reject the doctrine of substitution, or vicarious atonement, he attempts to prove that doctrine by a few quotations from Scripture—those most commonly relied on for the purpose, and with which and their true import, our readers are mostly so familiar, we need not here spend time to notice them, particularly—and then comes to his foregone conclusions "therefore Universalism and the Bible disagree." He might just as well have quoted the highly figurative language of Christ respecting the bread and the wine—"this is my body—this is my blood"—and then, because Universalists deny the doctrine of *transubstantiation*, have drawn the same conclusion, "therefore Universalism and the Bible disagree." D. S.

[To be continued.]

A LITTLE LIGHT IN A DARK PLACE.

We see it stated in the last Number of the Christian Examiner, that Scotus Erigena, who flourished in the ninth century, and is reputed one of the most learned men of history, like many more eminent men who lived before and since, "denied the eternity of hell torments, and announced the future change of matter into spirit." A few rays of light shone faintly, in the times of deepening darkness. God is removing those clouds, the storm is broken—

"And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven."

Scattered fragments of the past still hang on some parts of the church, and obscure half the glory of truth, and keep thousands in anxiety—some bordering on the regions of despair. But they will all pass away. The sun of righteousness has arisen. The exhalations of earth will all vanish, and not a vapor shall remain to bring a blight and mildew upon the emotions of a single soul. All shall be light and life, and love. God shall be all in all! Amen! W. S. B.

JUSTICE TO UNIVERSALISTS.

We insert the following extracts from the "Christian Inquirer," giving them our hearty approbation. We are glad that the true position of Universalists is beginning to be understood and that there are those in the community who are willing to do us justice. We have long stood before the world in a false light, on account of the misrepresentations of the enemies of our faith. There seems to have been a determination on the part of those who maintain a partial Gospel, to remain in ignorance of the principles and tendencies of our doctrines, and to keep others from coming to a knowledge of them. Ministers have stood up in their pulpits and ignorantly or intentionally maligned both our sentiments and our character. Books, tracts, and papers have been widely circulated containing representations and carricatures the most false and abusive. We have been doomed to encounter a prejudice, the most bitter and unrelenting, and to endure the scoffs and cold neglect of those who have sought to monopolize the honors of religion, arrogating to themselves all the learning, piety and respectability of the land. By the grace of God we have been able to endure this "contradiction of sinners" against us. We have gone steadily forward, constantly improving in knowledge, numbers and influence, till we have come to occupy a very respectable position among the sects of Christendom.

Of one thing we would boast ourselves a little. If we have not the rich and proud of earth in our ranks, neither have we fashionable hypocrites, nor the low and profligate Our societies are made up of families of the middling-interest classes men of thought, honesty, freedom, progress; who are not afraid to reject an *old error* or embrace a *new truth*, whether the minister or synod approve it or not. Our people go to church, not because they can make a fine display and be fashionable; but because they love to worship God, learn his truth, cultivate a good feeling towards their fellow men, and strengthen their hopes of immortality. But we can show *great names*, if it is demanded; but for them we feel no more respect than for the humblest believer. Our religion abjures the distinctions of earth. Like him we call Master, we are willing to be made of "no reputation," to be counted the offscouring of all things, if we may but cherish the meek and humble spirit of our Lord, and be like him. We esteem the praise of God more than the praise of men; and prefer the approbation of a good conscience to all the honors and emoluments a purse-proud church can confer. Of all things to be shunned, and despised and pitied, the aristocratic Christian stands pre-eminent; no matter whether he boast of wealth, learning, or piety; for if he does either, it is certain that he deceiveth himself, and the truth is not in him.

The time is coming when things shall be called by their right names, and equal justice shall be done to all men. When that time comes, who shall be found in peace? Who shall be acquitted of vain pride, of bigotry, and uncharitableness, when the secrets of men's hearts shall be laid open? May God prepare us for that hour.

"What is the ground that we propose to take towards Universalists? We desire to recognize them distinctly for what they are, namely, Unitarian Christians. From their writings, from intercourse with their preachers and people, we learn and know that they entertain, on all points, except that of Future Punishments,—concerning which, more herafter,—the opinions usually called Unitarian. Concerning the Unity of God, the nature and offices of Jesus Christ, the origin of sin, the nature of repentance, regeneration, and sanctification; in their view of the divine character and of human brotherhood; in their notions of morality and of piety; in their reverence for, and submission to the Scriptures, they agree with Unitarians. They read and accept the best Unitarian writings, and hold them as a part

of their theological literature. No one, it would seem, could doubt the propriety of recognizing this fact, or would question, that, except for very peculiar reasons, it formed a sufficient ground of sympathy, union, and co-operation.

"If Universalism had continued to be engrossed with its single dogma, we should have had very little interest in it, and should not have cared how high the partition walls were that separated us. In like manner, we may say, if Unitarianism had continued, as in its earliest stages, little more than a negation and intent only upon establishing the unity of God and the subordination of Christ, we should not blame other Christians for defending themselves against the contact of a frost-bitten, and monstrously partial form of Christian doctrine.

But how is it with the Universalist body now? Its peculiarity like our own, has gradually sunk, and is still sinking into its relative importance, as at best, a subordinate doctrine of the Gospel—one truth among many others, equally important theoretically, and practically demanding far more attention; and while, on the one hand, the Universalist peculiarity has lost its intolerable prominency; on the other, quite unexpectedly, we may say, a system of general theology has developed itself in that body, which did not lay at its foundation, but which we plainly see, is essentially, if not identically, our own. It is plain to see too, that this is daily becoming far more important and influential, than the original peculiarity. And it is in this state of the case, that candid minds, in both bodies, seeing and feeling an essential union of faith, have been willing, amid no little prejudice, growing out of ill names and old recollections, and fears of the constructions of other religious sects, to recognize the fraternal relations they sustain to each other, and to do what they could to harmonize and sustain both."

Again we say, we give our most hearty approbation to the above sentiments; and we sincerely thank the Editor of the Inquirer for them. As he becomes more intimately acquainted with our views of "Punishment," he will find, we think, no justifiable cause for condemning us on account of them. We all hold that every sinner will be punished according to his deserts; that so long as he is a sinner he will be miserable, because he is unreconciled to God. If he remains in such a state eternally, then punishment will be eternal. We think we find evidence in the Bible to prove that sin will be finished, and transgression come to an end; that all men will be holy, and consequently happy. The question at issue between us and the believers in endless misery, or in the annihilation of the wicked, is one of fact. Which do the Scriptures teach? So far as punishment is concerned, we believe that "God will render to every man according to his *works*," that "he that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong he hath done." Nobody can ask for a severer punishment.

In respect to the *time and manner*, there are diversities of opinion among us as there are among Unitarians and all other Christians, who have ever used their liberty to inquire respecting the future condition of mankind. And the differences are not greater among us, or between some of us and some Unitarians, than between Unitarians themselves. But who would allow these differences to enter into the terms of Christian love and fellowship? Who will say, "Stand by thyself, I am holier than thou?"

In respect to ability and learning, everybody knows that not a few men the most distinguished for learning and piety have believed in the salvation of all men, and this not in our age only, but in all ages of the Church. How stands the case with the scholars of Germany and France, and many in England? What proportion of them believe and teach the doctrine of endless misery, and what, Universal Salvation?

It is true, we have ever kept prominent that *one* article of faith which has given us a name; and we have attached a degree of importance to it above all others; possibly to the neglect of others. But it is so in other things: men adopt principles they do not fully comprehend, and believe and teach doctrines not all understood. Our Fathers rejected endless misery because it was unscriptural, unreasonable, and pernicious. They embraced Universal Salvation because the Bible taught it, the good heart approved it, and the world needed it. And they were not slow to discover the falsities of the basis and props upon which the former rested, and the true ground upon which the latter was to be maintained. They sought to "speak the truth in love that they might grow up into him in all things, who is the head, even Christ." It is long since any one believed in the trinity, original sin, vicarious atonement, and kindred sentiments. We have long doubted the propriety of presenting constantly the arguments in favor of the salvation of all men, and the Divine Unity, or against the Trinity and endless misery, to the exclusion of the general principles of good doctrine and personal holiness. And we are glad to know that a favorable change has taken place, within the last twenty years, in the denominations most immediately concerned, and that we have been constantly approaching each other. The pride of name or place may keep us separate for a long time to come, perhaps as long as names exist; but we are confident that, as we know each other better, we shall grow into a truer regard and better fellowship, that in many of the benevolent movements of the age we shall unite with a more earnest sympathy, and even cherish towards each other the love of brethren. At least, we are willing and anxious for such a state of things.

W. S. B.

DEATH OF BR. PINGREE.

We gather the following particulars concerning this sad event, which was briefly announced in the "Messenger" of last week, from the "Star in the West" of which the deceased was associate editor.

Br. P. has for sometime been laboring under that flattering and insidious, yet most fatal, of all diseases—consumption. Our readers will probably remember the announcement, made a few months since, that he had been obliged to suspend his labors on account of declining health. He subsequently, however, regained his health in a measure, so as to enable him to attend to the duties of his parish. Up to the moment, almost, of his death he was not thought to be in immediate danger. He retired to rest as usual on the evening of the 5th inst., and at about four o'clock on the morning of the 6th, he called for water. Before his wife could hand it to him, he raised his head and vomited a large quanity of blood and lungs, and immediately expired! His funeral took place, on Sunday, the day following his death. The services were held in the Universalist Church, where a very numerous assemblage of citizens, and the members of all denominations met to express their sympathy with the bereaved, and pay their testimony of respect to the memory of our departed brother. An affecting and appropriate prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Heywood (Unitarian) and an address, suited to the occasion, by Br. Geo. H. Emerson. After the services at the church, the remains were removed to a vault, where appropriate services were performed by the "Free Masons" and "Odd Fellows" of which institutions the deceased was a member.

We are indebted for the following biographical sketch to Br. Gurley the principal editor of the "Star."

Br. Pingree was a native of New Hampshire. When the writer's acquaintance commenced with him, which was in 1835, he was a resident of Methuen, Mass. At that time he taught a class in a Presbyterian or Congregational Sunday School, and was remarkable, considering his age, for gravity and correct deportment. In sentiment he was a Universalist; and when I commenced preaching in Methuen he became a member of my congregation. He was a regular correspondent of the Boston Trumpet, and young as he was, attracted considerable attention by his articles which appeared in that paper.

Not long after, he entered Newbury Academy, an institution under the patronage of the Methodists, where he studied something like two years, and some of his fellow stndents have told us that a more faithful student probably never entered its doors. In industry and close attention to his books he was excelled by no one; and up to the period of his late illness, he was always a careful and close student. Very few preachers who had passed through a college course, were his superiors in general information and critical knowledge.

Soon after leaving the seminary, he commenced preaching Universalism; he delivered a few sermons in New England, and then left for the State of Ohio. His first permanent stopping place was Springfield, Clark Co., where he taught school, and occasionally delivered a few sermons. This was in the winter of 1837; and the following spring he commenced writing for the Star in the West; and from that period to the present, nearly every number has contained something from his ready pen. He has stood with us, shoulder to shoulder, in the defence of our common cause, more than ten years; and those who have read our paper, know very well that he was an interesting, correct and critical writer—a writer of extensive and commanding influence, and superior abilities.

During his ministry he had a number of public debates on the subject of Universalism and Endless Punishment; but the five principal ones were held with Rev. J.B. Walker in Montgomery, Ohio; David Fisher, in Bethel; Rev. Mr. Blackwell in Memphis, Tennessee; Dr. Rice in Cincinnati, and Rev. Mr. Walker in Warsaw, Ky. The last two were taken down by a stenographer, and published—each making a good sized volume. In all these his success was such as reflected honor upon himself and the denomination whose sentiments he defended.

He preached in Cincinnati one year, was the pastor of the Montgomery Society for a considerable period, and has been the pastor of the Louisville church five years. He journeyed a good deal in the early part of his ministry, and averaged nearly a sermon a day while traveling. In few words, he was the very personification of industry—never weary, never discouraged by toils or difficulties.

But we cannot say too much in his favor as a man and a Christian. During the period before specified, I was as intimate with him as I could have been with my own brother in the flesh I had more or less business transactions with him and was familiar with his manner of managing his affairs, and I bear this testimony of him: I never met a purer minded man in my life; I never saw on his part even an appearance of anything like meanness; but every act of his life appeared to be dictated by a love of the right and the good. In his business affairs, he was punctual and correct. For many years he sent all his earnings (after paying his own necessary expenses) to his aged father who was in ill health, and to his mother. Nothing seemed to give him more pleasure than to assist his parents; and he voluntarily and with pleasure said to them, "As long as I live and have health, you shall not want for the comforts of life." What a commentary upon his character as a disciple of him who went about doing good! No wonder he lived respected, and died universally lamented, for a man who exhibits his sterling principles by such acts must always be esteemed by the wise and good.

It may not be out of place to say here, that he kept his life insured seven years in favor of his Father; but for the past few years he has had it insured in favor of his wife. He never expected to be worth any considerable amount of property—he did not seek for it; and hence, he thought it his duty to make some little provision for his family in case of death. This thoughtfulness on his part, corresponds with his whole course of life.

He has left a wife and two children to deplore his early loss. May God bless, sustain and comfort them; and be their shield and sure defence in all coming time! They have the warm sympathies of thousands who never saw them.

The Society in Louisville generously continued Br. Pingree's salary, notwithstanding his sickness, for which they will have their reward. A people who act thus Christian-like cannot fail of prosperity; and now that he is gone, it will be a great pleasure for them to reflect that they helped to smooth his way to the tomb.

We have been called to part with a noble and a self-sacrificing preacher. In his death our denomination has not only lost one of its ablest, but one of its most *efficient* ministers. One of the most brilliant lights in the West has gone out; one of the strong men of our Zion has been cut down; and where shall we look for another like him? We hear these questions asked on every hand: but we cannot answer them.

The two men with whom we were longest and most intimately associated in the work of the ministry, in the West, now quietly sleep in the arms of death—Brs. Geo. Rogers and E. M. Pingree. We formed a trio at a time when Universalism was comparatively new here; and we worked together in harmony and love. But only one of that little band is left and how long he may stand as a watchman upon the walls of Zion, God alone knoweth. In the events that are past he is made to realize the importance of that inspired declaration, "Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth." Heaven help us all to live as we would wish to die!

A DOUBTFUL CHANCE.

A friend in Hartright, in this State, wishes to give us "a faint idea of the Theology of that place!" He tells us that he heard a minister assert in the desk that "the world is computed to contain 800,000,000 of inhabitants; out of that number only 200,000,000 had embraced the Christian religion under any form; from which nine-tenths might be thrown off for corrupt churches, and they and all who had never heard of Christ, must be damned, for where no vision is, the people perish; but for accommodation he would throw off only one-half from the 200,000,000, but then we must divide the 100,000,000 by 80, and the quotient would be about the number of true believers who were to be saved every thirty years, that being a generation." This mathematical reasoning on orthodox premises, presents a dark picture for many professors, and a doubtful chance for most people, hardly so generous as a common lottery scheme. One million, two hundred and fifty thousand out of eight hundred millions!! the former saved, the latter lost! Which will triumph, God or Satan? Will Jesus "see the travail of his soul and be satisfied?" Will he finish the work the Father gave him to do—which was "*of all* the Father had given him to *lose nothing* but raise it up at the last day?" The Father loved the Son and gave all things into his hands. Which will be best satisfied with the result of the Savior's mission, God or the Devil? and which will be most glorified? These questions deserve some consideration. Their answer will influence our prospects and happiness. If some preachers would faithfully exhibit their doctrines, and the monstrous conclusions to which they lead, it would not be long before none would be found so mean as to do them homage. It is the "better art o' hiding" which gives them currency. Hence it is common to conceal the sterner features of the partialist systems.

W. S. B.

POSTAGE REFORM.

We congratulate the friends of this beneficent reform upon the prospect of a speedy realization of their hopes in part. No decisive action has yet been taken upon the subject in Congress, but we perceive from the Journal of proceedings, that the matter has been reported upon favorably by the committee, and it is in a position to be passed upon speedily. The part of the report, relating to the abolition of the "franking privilege" has been adopted, and there is a fair prospect that a considerable reduction from present rates on letters and Newspapers will be made. The public voice, as well as the public interest is clearly in favor of such a movement, and we trust that, that voice will be heard and that interest consulted by those, who have been appointed to provide for the general welfare.

NEWSPAPERS IN BOSTON.—There are eighty one newspapers published in that city. Fourteen are issued daily, nine semi-weekly, and fifty-eight weekly.

☞ Let your expenses be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money is a friend in need.

CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION AT NORWAY, ME.

We learn from the following communication from Br. Quinby, that our friends in Norway had quite an interesting meeting on the late Anniversary of the Savior's birth. We exceedingly regret that his interesting and well written letter on the subject, for which he has our thanks, did not reach us earlier, so that we could have published it entire. As it is, some parts of it would now be considered so much out of season that the interest is greatly diminished, and we must therefore content ourselves with giving only the following extracts:—

"Christmas is generally a happy season! The pure in heart can enjoy its blessings and acknowledge its gifts; while those who care not for the Prince Immanuel, whose hearts are fixed upon this present world, do not feel that thrilling satisfaction and sacred enthusiasm which are cherished by the believer, with such profound veneration for the birth of our Great High Priest. When we remember that it has always been customary for nations to celebrate the birth-days of their illustrious chiefs and renowned civilians, it cannot seem out of joint or out of propriety in the least, that we should remember the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has for eighteen and a half centuries been the wonder of the world and its blissful sacrifice—by acts corresponding to the nature of that glorious event.

It was with this view of the subject that the believers in our pleasant and quiet village, made preparations for the religious observance of Christmas, by decoration and illumination. Our house of worship was made a beautiful place indeed, by the hand of industry and good taste—being festooned in various and multiform directions by branches of *evergreen* which we considered as emblematical of the *unfading* riches of the Gospel—and also of the immortality of the human soul.

A sermon was preached by the writer, on the occasion, from the text in Isaiah, "His name shall be called Wonderful."

The services seemed to engage the attention of the entire congregation, and we felt that it was good to be there, and good to celebrate the birth of our blessed Redeemer.

In the sermon we endeavored to show why it is appropriate to call him "Wonderful," even as the prophet had predicted. It having been proposed by some of the members of the congregation, we repeated the services on the following Sunday evening. Such was *our Christmas Meeting*, and we may hope that many better meetings for the same high purpose were holden on the same memorable evening. We could not help reflecting how much better it was thus to occupy the mind and body, than to be engaged as no doubt many were, in the trivial amusement of the dance-hall. The birth-day of the "wonderful" Savior—long may it be appropriately observed! And if there are any who *should* regard it with delight and gratitude and reverence, surely Universalists cannot consistently be excused from thus serving their Master's cause, and hallowing his precious memory. May the Lord permit us to enjoy many such Christmas Meetings!"

ERRATA.—WORSE FOR MORE.

In this paper of the 12th inst., in the article on *Miracles* consisting of a brief letter from Br. J. Baker, and a few remarks thereon from me, our printers have done me *more* injustice and a *worse* service than I had expected at their hands. I am made to say in the second sentence of my third paragraph, in relation to Br. Sawyer's language concerning miracles: "He may and he may not mean *worse* by it than we should be willing to admit in point of fact," implying that I should be *willing* to admit things pretty *bad* in point of fact, and that possibly Br. Sawyer might admit things still *worse*, or might mean worse than I should be willing to admit! And then again six or seven lines below, and in the same paragraph, I am made to repeat similar language, thus: "He may mean *worse*, and if so, he has as good a right to his opinion as we have to ours." Now be it known to our readers, that in both these instances I used the word *more*, instead of *worse*. Thus: "He may, and he may not mean *more* by it than we should be willing to admit, &c." I do not admit that either he or I meant anything *bad*; much less that either of us meant to admit *worse* things, than other people. But it seems the *worse* I write, the *worse* the printers serve me. But these errors, though bad, and *worse* by far than I had hoped to see, were not the only ones committed in that little article. In the same paragraph, about twenty lines below, occurs the following sentence: "Hence we say the first human pair were created *as* brought into the world by miracles," which *should* read, "were created, *or* brought into the world by miracle." Now, Mr. Printer, will you serve me *worse as* that again? Will you mind, not only your P's and Q's, but your R's and S's?

D. S.

SABBATH SCHOOL EXHIBITION, AT MINDENVILLE.

1. The School met, according to previous notice, on Christmas Eve, at the school house in Mindenville, and was opened by an Address from G. J. Wheeler.

2. A. Hymn, arranged Br. S. Yoran, and sung by the Choir.

3. Prayer from Balch's Manual, by Br. M. Smith, Superintendent.

4. Recitation of class No. 1. from "Catechism on the Parables."

5. Recitation of class No 2, from the "Lives of the Apostles."

6. Recitation of class No. 3., from the "Life of Christ."

7. Recitation of class No. 4, from the "Child's Catechism."

8. Recitation of class No. 5, from Skinner's Easy Lessons."

9. Hymn. "The Evening Sky is bright," by the Choir.

10. Christmas Oration, by Br. H. H. Heely.

11. Hymn, "Unity," from the Psaltery.

12. Sabbath School Address, by Br. S. Yoran.

13. Composition, by Miss Margaret Hawn.

14. Composition, by Miss Mary Jane Boustedt.

15. Composition, by Miss Lucinda Hawn.

16. Closing Address, by Br. M. Smith, Superintendent.

17. Christmas Hymn, composed by Br. S. Yoran, and sung by the Choir.

18. Benediction, by the Superintendent of the School.

The above exercises were held at the School House in Mindenville, in presence of a large and respectable audience. The house was nicely trimmed with beautiful evergreen, and brilliantly *illuminated* for the occasion. No pains had been spared either by patrons or scholars, to prepare themselves for the duties of the evening. We believe that much good will be the result. At the close of the exercises a collection was taken up for the benefit of the School, which reflected honor upon those who contributed.

We know not *when* we enjoyed *a happier season*. We indeed felt as though sitting in heavenly places. My mind could not but revert to Sabbath-day-scenes of only three summers past, and contrast them with those of the present. Then when the Sabbath-day appeared the boys of our neighborhood could be seen wending their way towards the river, with their fishing poles, or in the winter they might be seen on the

and disturbing with their loud noise all the lovers of peace and quietude, within the reach of their loud sounding voices.

But how different from all that do they now appear! Instead of being seen with their fishing poles in summer, or their skates in winter, they are now seen on the Sabbath morning, with their Bibles and Sabbath School books in their hands, and briskly wending their ways to the "blessed Sabbath School."

Thus can we see *already* the benefit and good results of the Sabbath School. Kind reader I am not a minister or public speaker, but such as I am, I will do all in my power to advance this good cause. Let every lover of truth and God's love, act accordingly, and soon shall we see the abundant fruit of such labor. Let us labor with an untiring zeal and perseverance in this good work, and let no one "become weary in well doing," and the God of heaven will bless us and crown our labors with the most abundant success. S. YORAN.

Mindenville, Jan. 1, 1849.

MISSIONARIES FOR CALIFORNIA.

We perceive from the partialist journals that have come to hand recently, that they whose trade it is to "compass sea and land" in search of proselytes, are on the alert, and straining every nerve to give the ascendancy to their principles in the newly discovered Gold region. The Presbyterians have emissaries already on the way, and the Episcopalians are making active preparations to follow them. The ostensible object in these movements is, of course, to save souls, but an Episcopal writer, in urging the subject upon the attention of his brethren thus unwittingly discloses the real motive that has given rise to the movement: "In few a years California will be *richer* and more powerful than we are at present." Upon reading that sentence, we could but contrast it in our own mind with the simple and beautiful declaration of the Savior, in reply to the messengers of John sent to inquire whether he were indeed the promised Messiah: "The poor have the gospel preached to them." Christ came to preach the gospel to the poor, but these California missionaries seem to have entirely another object in view. Well has the great teacher declared, "where your treasure is, there will your hearts be also." So the world goes, some with thoughts bent on heaven, and others on the gold of California.

A MERCIFUL MAN.

An exchange paper says:

"We learn from the Birmingham, (Eng.) Gazette, that the late Mr. Thomas Ingram, of Ticknell near Bewdly, by his will left a legacy, the interest of which is to be applied to procure three Sermons in as many different churches, in or near Birmingham, yearly, 'On the kind and merciful treatment of all dumb animals, but more especially that of the horse,' and 'that on Monday previous to the preaching of such sermon, notice be inserted in the Birmingham Gazette, requesting the masters of families to direct their servants, having the care of their horses, to attend divine service on that day.'"

We apprehend that Mr. Thomas Ingram, was something of a Universalist, in spirit, at least. The horrid dogma of endless woe, could find no place in a heart like his; so warm with generous sensibility and which could not endure to see such cruelty inflicted on a brute, much less on any of the rational offspring of God. It would doubtless be gratifying to many in this country, if our clergy would occasionally discourse upon the topic recommended by Mr. Ingram, and still more gratifying to those who are sometimes called upon for the loan of a horse, if those who preach kindness and compassion to others, would be careful to enforce their admonitions, by an example in conformity with their preaching. S. C. B.

Miscellaneous Department.

Selected.

PAUL PREACHING AT ATHENS.

SUGGESTED BY THE CARTOON OF RAPHAEL.

BY MISS ANNE C. LYNCH.

Greece! hear that joyful sound,
A stranger's voice upon thy sacred hill,
Whose tones shall bid the slumbering nations round
Wake with convulsive thrill.
Athenians! gather there; he brings you words
Brighter than all your boasted lore affords.

He brings you news of One
Above Olympian Jove, One in whose light
Your Gods shall fade like stars before the sun.
On your bewildered night
That *unknown God*, of whom you darkly dream,
In all his burning radiance shall beam.

Behold! he bids you rise
From your dark worship round that idol shrine;
He points to him who reared your starry skies,
And bids your Phœbus shine.
Lift up your souls from where, in dust you bow,
That God of gods, commands your worship now.

But brighter tidings still
He tells of One whose precious blood was spilt
In lavish streams upon Judea's hill,
A ransom for your guilt,—
Who triumphed o'er the grave and broke its chains;
Who conquered Death and Hell, and rose again.

Sages of Greece! come near—
Spirits of daring thought and giant mould,
Ye questioners of time and nature, hear
Mysteries before untold!
Immortal light revealed! light for which ye
Have tasked in vain your proud philosophy.

Searchers for some first cause!
Midst doubt and darkness—lo! he points to One
Where all your vaunted reason lost, must pause
And faint to think upon,
That was from everlasting, that shall be
To everlasting still, eternally.

Ye followers of him,
Who deemed his soul a spark of Deity!
Your fancies fade—your master's dreams grow dim
To this reality.
Stoic! unbend that brow; drink in that sound!
Skeptic! dispel those doubts, the truth is found!

Greece! though thy sculptured walls
Have with thy triumphs and thy glories rung,
And through thy temples and thy pillared halls
Immortal poets sung—
No sounds like those have rent your startled air,
They open realms of light, and bid you enter there!

The free and independent Republic of Liberia has appointed the Rev. Mr. McLean, Secretary of the American Colonization Society, its Minister at the Seat of Government of the United States.

THE LEPREHAWN.

A LEGEND OF IRELAND.

The "Leprehawn" is one of the good people of fairies, in whom many of the natives of Ireland place implicit belief. According to the received tradition, this sprite is brogue-maker to the rest of the Fay-fraternity; and it is when thus engaged his whereabout is discovered in the deep recesses of some tangled wood, his captor being led to the spot by the sounds which proceed from the tapping of his little hammer upon the sole of the little shoe he is at work upon. Once caught it is in the power of his capturer to demand any amount of buried treasure, or, if he choose, insist upon having the Leprehawn's purse: this holds but one gold piece, but possesses the magic power of replenishing itself as quickly as its contents are withdrawn. The little fairy is, however, no small trickster, and many instances are on record of his cheating his temporary master, by giving, in lieu of the purse of gold a worthless affair, enriched with only one copper coin, and void of all reproducing powers.

Other traditions invest the "good people's" brogue-maker with the power of removing personal defects, and bestowing good looks and grace in the place of deformity and awkwardness. The following legend is one I have been familiar with from childhood: I relate it as nearly as my memory serves, in the language of the dear old woman from whom I first heard it.

"Is it belave in thim? Musha! thin av coorse I do! Faith, why not? Shure it's my own blessed grandmother hard what I'm going to till yez, from the father that owned her, and its consarning his own grandfather he was spaking. You see, honey, be all accounts he was a little wee bit of a crock of a child, with a mighty fine brow, and sweet curlin' hair as black as a bad man's heart, and an eye that would lead a glow worrum asthray in a dark night, and take the love out of all that looked upon it in the bright day. But it's a mighty ailin' he was from his birth, and the poor back of him was as twisted as the letter S itself! It's little he minded it for many a long year, for he was beloved by his strappin' six-feet brothers, and shure his father had ever the kind word for the *Daunchy* little thing; and as for his mother! O thin it's only a mother, and a mother's heart, knows the depth of its love for the child that bears the world's blight upon it!

"He'd winnin' ways wid him, had little Paudeen; there was the music of the wild birds in his sweet voice, and many and many a time young and ould would listen to him singing the ould songs he liked, till the big tears would hang upon their cheeks, and their thanks would die upon their lips, and all they could give him for his pains would be an unheard blessing, an' a gintle pat upon the head, whin they hurried away without spaking as if they feared to drive the sweet sounds from their ears, where they loved to keep them.

"Among the listeners, acushla! there was, as I've hard tell, the purtyest crature that ever set foot on the green grass! faith, the sight of her cheeks would wither a rosebud, and her teeth be the death of a lily itself.—And who but Aleen—that was the same, honey, she had upon her—who but her was gone forever in love with the twisted little Paudeen. And this darlint, this was the way he found it out. Many and many a night he'd walk to the ould wood beyant his father's cabin, and sittin' him down at the fut of a favorite wild oak tree, sing by the hour all alone by himself. Well, who but Aleen knew this? and whose fut was it but hers that left its small print on the dewy turf as she'd steal out to listen to his songs, not with her ears but heart, for there wasn't a word that came from his lips, or a sound that gave it birth, that didn't nestle snug in there, as a little bird under its mother's wings.

"Shure, there was wild bastes used to be prowlin about in thim ould times; and one blessed night Paudee was roused by a scream that would almost wake the dead, and shure it's leaving him he thought the sinses of him was, or that he saw a ghost itself, whin, with a face pale as a white frost, Aleen rushed through the thick branches of the underwood, and fell like a dead angel at his feet. It's small time he had for lookin' at her just thin! for the left arm of him seemed bitten through and through wid red hot teeth. A wolf had closed its jaws upon that same. It wasn't long he enjoyed himself there sucking better blood than ever had been in his blaggard body, for Paudee drove the blade of his hunting-knife betwixt the ribs of the marauding thafe, and drove and drove, and cut and stabbed, till the brute fell dead on the bloody turf.

"It's little he thought of the loss of blood when he saw *who* he had lost it for, and from that moment the deep love he didn't know was in him, burst up in a blaze in his heart and the thought of his crooked back, as he looked on the beautiful girl at his feet, made him shiver as if a palsy had fallen upon his hopes.

"She thanked, she blessed him, in tones that might have made him know she loved him; but despair had blasted him, and when he left her at her father's house the big tears burst from his eyes and saved his heart from breaking.

"It's an altered man he was from that day; he shunned all his friends, his looks were haggard, and his eyes gleamed like burning coals; and morning, noon and night, it's away in the woods he was huntin' for the Leprehawn. Well, darlint, shure one fine day he heard the "tap, tap, tap," of the little hammer! O how his blood tingled! and he held his breath till he nearly choked himself, as he stole along to the place; the smallest noise, made by the laste dry twig that snapped under his fut, sounded to his ear like a clap of thunder, and he'd stop and listen as if his life depended on the next tap! He heard it again, and O! think of his joy and fear, whin, within a yard of him, wid his back facing him, he saw the Leprehawn hard at work. Wid the spring of a wild-cat and the laugh of a madman, he grasped the little crature by the waist!

"'I have you at last,' sez Paudeen.

"'First or last, you needn't squeeze so tight' sez the Leprehawn, 'what do you want?' sez he—'is it money?' sez he.

"'It is,' sez Paudeen; 'that and good looks.'

"'Faith, you're in need o' them, my fine fellow, at any rate,' sez the Leprehawn.

"'Don't be jokin,' sez Paudeen.

"'I'm in airnest,' sez the little brogue-maker; 'What do you want them for!'

"'To win Alleen's heart,' sez Paudeen.

"'You're a fool!' sez the Leprehawn.

"'Better manners,' sez the hunchback. 'I have you tight.'

"'True for you, you have, more tight than pleasant—don't be breaking the ribs aff av me—shure you'll get nothing by that.'

"'Don't you be impident, thin,' sez Paudeen, for you'll get nothing by that, so give me what I want.'

"'I will,' sez the little thing, after a pause. 'I will for I like you. I knew you were comin,' or you wouldn't have caught me. There's me purse, don't be doubtin' me, *it's the right one*—you can pour the bright gold out of it like runnin' water, and there,' sez he, touching Paudeen wid his queer little hammer, 'now you're a changed man—but mind me, if Aleen likes you now, she is as false as a snow drift or shiftin' sand. I'll see

you here to-morrow, and if you wish, I'll change you back."

Paudeen had no time to thank the crature, before he was out o' sight. He rushed into the sunshine and saw by the shadow his form was changed, and his hump was gone. With a wild hurra he bounded off to the lake, and almost fell when he saw reflected in the sky's own lookin' glass the handsome face and strong built form he had upon him. Did he walk, or did he fly—or was it lightnin' carried him to his darlin's roof? She was alone; he poured the gould at her feet; she started; he knelt to her; a faint scream escaped her lips; he talked o love, and took her hand; she dashed him from her in scorn! There was a curl on her lip, a cloud upon her brow, and a quivering in her voice, as she called him 'coward thus to press his suit.' She rushed from the cabin, and threw herself down at the foot of the tree where Paudeen saved her life, weeping the big tears that are born in the depths of the heart.

"Paudee felt as if the 'good people's' curse was on him; he stole to the place she had run to, and there heard her, in spite of her sobs, whisper his name. It was enough! The truth flashed upon him like the lightning's blaze in a black night. He saw the Leprehawn again! There was a merry smile on the little brogue maker's face as he asked:

"'Paudeen, darlin,' will you stay as you are?

"'Change me! in mercy change me back!'

"'It's done' says the little spirit.' 'You loved truly and you've got what you deserve.' He stopped smiling as he added wid something like sorrow, 'Paudeen, there is no gift the 'good people' can bestow equal to what a mortal may possess—*a woman's honest love.* You've won it, be content; to her your blemishes are beauties. She sees you with the fond eyes of her trusting soul. She will share but two spots on earth; and those will be *your home* while living, and your grave when dead!'

"The little Leprehawn vanished from the boy's sight. A few weeks after the hunchback Paudeen, was the husband af Aleen, and from that hour darlin', he ceased repining; he put his trust in the good God that had made him, and when he died he told his story, and left it to be told as a lesson for his children's children—that honesty of heart is better than handsomeness, and content boyant the price of gould"—with which moral, dear friend, I end this trifling sketch.

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Original.

PRAYER.

BY MISS M. E. TILLOTSON.

Our Father dear, above,
Again my spirit bows,
And asks thine ear of love
To listen to my vows.
Again confessions load
Its care-encumbered wings,
Which seek a sinless road
From their wide wanderings.
To view immortal day,
In faith I watch and pray.

Bend from thy blissful throne,
And grant the strength implored;
Thy mercy's boon alone
Can peace and grace afford.
Each inborn virtue bless
Which feebly strives to live,
And all my waywardness
Forgive, in love forgive!
To gain joy's gladsome ray,
In hope I smile and pray,

All humbly now I come
Craving that thou impart
Unto my cherished home,
My half illumined heart,
The bright unfading beams
From thy exhaustless fount
Of light and truth, whose streams
O'erflow thy holy mount.
To chase all ills away
In charity I pray.

Smithville Flatts, N. Y.

ROMANCE OF CHILDHOOD.

Childhood is never without its romance. It has a world peculiar to itself; a May-day world of rains and sunshine; of the flower opening for a moment and then closing its leaves; a world whose fleeting impressions of joy and beauty are too soon dispelled by the harder realites of life. Memory cannot always recall them; and though in after years we may sometimes discern some far-away island, mantled with beauty, and hanging like some creation of the *fata morgana* inverted over the misty waters of the past, it is only a solitary image, so unconnected with every thing else that we only wonder at its existence. But little as I have to rest upon, I love to build up my castles in these fairy spots of purity and innocence; and while I recline on my favorite knoll, with the starry heavens above and the mellow sounds of earth beneath, I weave the slight fabrics of imagination, and people them with those little beings whose voices are music to my ears. I follow the wild young creatures in their devious course through the day, and in fancy I follow their thoughts during the night. I love to mingle with the spirits who guard their pillows; and when one of them departs from among us, I picture bright fields, where they stray by the sides of many streams, and chase the butterflies of pleasure, through an eternity of bliss. I listen with interest to all their childish prattle. With their little arms around my neck and their sweet faces turned up to mine, I hear their most trifling adventures, charmed with the music of innocence and glee. I love, too, to have them as listeners; to tell them of giants and fairies, and all the mystic creatures of fancy; of cruel men, who eat little boys and girls at a morsel, but are horribly punished for their wickedness; of the bright angels who take pity upon the children of men, and hover around their couches. I introduce them to the broad face of nature. I point them to the boundless glories of the milky-way, and I tell them how their little brothers or sister' who have died in the bud, are now shining, bright as the stars, and winging their joyous flight over the star-spangled fields of ether. I show them the polar star, and tell them of great ships wandering on the hoary deep, and of the poor sailor, that shuttle of fortune, tossed from shore to shore in the great web of commerce, until he "sinks like a bubble in the yest of waves;" and I show them the bear, the crown, the monsters who keep watch on the zodiac, and Orion, with one knee resting on the horizon, while his huge body is drawn up into the fathomless concave of the skies. All this and more I show them, while their sweet faces beam with intelligence and

the low tones of inquiry come in whispers from their lips; and so we pass the hours, as the long winter night rolls away, shading no brighter scenes than our humble hearths at Hampden.

DRAWING A WIFE BY LOT.

The Moravians are accustomed to resort to the lot, for the settlement of certain difficult questions which sometimes occur among them. It is always done, however, in a solemn manner, and with prayer. The Rev. Mr. M——, who was for many years the highly esteemed pastor of the Moravian church in New York city, when a young man, was stationed among one of the tribes of Indians at the Far West as a missionary. After laboring there for several years in a "state of single-blessedness," he like other missionaries, desired a companion. But he was attached to no one, and could fix his mind upon no one to be his "better half." Still some one he must have, for he experienced a painful sense of loneliness, isolated as he was from all civil society. He therefore left, for a few weeks, his rude, untamed charge, and went on a journey in search of a wife.

He directed his course, as young ministers do at the present day when engaged in the same pursuit, to a female seminary. He went to Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, where there was a female academy, under the direction of his own denomination. It is frequently, though improperly, termed the Moravian nunnery. He here made known his errand to those who had the oversight of the institution—to those who were the proper ones to address upon the subject. They informed him that there were in the seminary several young ladies, of suitable age, character, and literary attainments, to be the companion of a missionary. But he knew them not. He was attached to none of them, and he had no particular choice. What was to be done? It was certainly a very peculiar case. It was proposed, therefore, that the interesting, though difficult question, be settled according to their custom "in like cases made and provided," *by lot*. Accordingly the names of all the fair candidates for the contemplated honor and happiness were placed in some appropriate vessel, and then, with great gravity, one was drawn out. The name written upon the successful ticket was Bethiah L———

The young missionary was satisfied. But will the young lady consent? Aye, "that's the question." When Bethiah was informed of the liberty which had been taken with her name, and of the result, she was up to her elbows in suds—a pretty plight for a young lady to be in, to receive a matrimonial offer! However, she got through her washing, considered the question, gave an affirmative answer, was married, and returned with him to his rustic house among the untutored Indians of the West. The match proved eminently happy.

Bethiah was a very tall girl. When jesting with her companions, she had frequently said that she would never marry a man who was not as tall as herself. After her engagement, the girls were solicitous to know whether she was about to adhere to her resolution. They were both accordingly measured, and he was found to be a few inches the tallest. In the course of a few years an interesting young family was seen in that rustic home, than whom very few have *risen higher* on the earth.

The above facts were received from an aged member of the Moravian Church, who was intimately acquainted with the couple, and had repeatedly heard them relate the circumstances of their marriage with great good humor.—*Reflector and Watchman.*

THE CONFESSIONAL.—The *Bristol Times* notices the case of a young lady who recently seceded to the Church of Rome, and who has returned to the Church of her baptism, influenced by the disgust she felt at questions put to her at confession.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

HONOURING PARENTS.

As a stranger went into the church-yard of a pretty village, he beheld three children at a newly-made grave. A boy, about ten years of age, was busily engaged in placing plants of turf about it; whilst a girl, who appeared a year or two younger, held in her apron a few roots of wild flowers. The third child was sitting on the grass watching, with thoughtful look, the other two. They wore pieces of crape on their straw hats, and a few other signs of mourning, such as are sometimes worn by the poor who struggle between their poverty and their afflictions.

The girl soon begun planting some of her wild flowers around the head of the grave, when the stranger addressed them:

"Whose grave is this, children, about which you are so busily engaged?"

"Mother's grave, sir," said the boy.

"And did your father send you to place these flowers around your mother's grave?"

"No, sir, father lies here too, and little Willey, and sister Jane."

"When did they die?"

"Mother was buried a fortnight yesterday, sir; but father died last winter: they all lie here."

"Then who told you to do this?"

"Nobody, sir," replied the girl.

"Why, then, do you do it?"

They appeared at a loss for an answer; but the stranger looked so kindly at them that at length the oldest replied, as the tears started into his eyes, 'O we do love them, sir."

"Then you put these grass turfs and wild flowers around where your parents are laid because you love them?"

"Yes, sir," they all eagerly replied.

What can be more beautiful than such an exhibition of children honoring the memory of departed parents? Reader, are you an orphan? Never forget the dear parents who loved and cherished you in your infant days. Ever remember their parental kindness; honor their memory by doing those things which you know would please them were they now alive; by a particular regard to their dying commands, and by carrying on their plans of usefulness. Are your parents still spared to you? Ever treat them as you will wish you had done, when you stand a lonely orphan at their graves. How will a remembrance of kind and affectionate conduct toward those departed friends then help to soothe your grief, and heal your wounded heart.

TRIUMPH OF LEARNING.

Mind constitutes the majesty of man—virtue his true nobility. The tide of improvement, which is now flowing through the land, like another Niagara, is destined to roll on downward to the latest posterity; and it will bear them on its bosom our virtues, our vices, our glory or our shame, or whatever else we may transmit as an inheritance. It, then, in a great measure depends upon the present, whether the moth of immorality, of ignorance, and the vampire of luxury shall prove the overthrow of the republic; or knowledge and virtue, like pillars, shall support her against the whirlwind of war, ambition, corruption, and the remorseless tooth of time. Give your children fortune, without education, and at least half the number will go down to the tomb of oblivion—perhaps to ruin. Give them education, and they will accumulate fortunes; they will be a fortune to themselves and to their country. It is an inheritance worth more than gold—for it buys true honor—they can never

spend nor lose it—and through life it proves a friend—in death, a consolation. Give your children education, and no tyrant will trample over your liberties. Give your children education, and the silver-shod horse of the despot will never trample in ruins the fabric of your freedom.

Agricultural Department.

FATTENING SWINE.

If your corn is hard, it will do the animals more good if ground than if fed whole. As to feeding the meal wet or dry, there is probably no difference, unless it is to be cooked. We do not suppose that it adds to its nutriment to cook it—but we think the cooking brings the food into a condition in which the nutriment is easier and thoroughly extracted. The proportionate gain by cooking must depend on circumstances, such as the hardness of the grain, and the quantity fed to the animal daily. A hog in good health will extract the nutriment from a small quantity of corn or raw meal, daily, but if full fed he is unable to do it, and the food is only partially digested. The cooking assists digestion, and in some instances will make a difference of half the nutriment the food contained—that is, by cooking, the animal obtains the whole, whereas if the corn was fed whole and raw, only half the nutriment might be extracted.

MILKING COWS.

It is important that all the milk should be drawn from the udder—if it be not, the quantity secreted will diminish in proportion to the quantity left at each milking. That which is left in the udder is re-absorbed into the system, and the next milking will be so much less in quantity. Cows will not yield their milk to a person they dislike; but will show by their quiet attitude and chewing the cud, that the operation when performed by a gentle and expert milker, is productive of pleasure. The udder and teats should always be washed clean with water, which in the winter should be warmed. This will not only insure the cleanliness of the milk, but will cause it to flow more freely.

It is a known certainty that substances that are applied as manures do not pass unaltered into plants, and become the same substance in the constitution of the vegetable. Animals and vegetables supply themselves with the necessary elements, from different food by some process of organic action of which we may ever remain ignorant.

The waste of woolen factories, and woolen rags, makes a valuable manure. They may be made up into a compost and remain till rotted, or may be used by themselves. A correspondent of the Agricultural Gazette gives his mode of using the rags. He runs them through a straw-cutter and then spreads them on grass land.

A CARD.

The undersigned would tender his grateful acknowledgements to the friends at Dexter and vicinity, for their kind visit and very generous donations, on the afternoon and evening of January 11th. May Heaven's richest blessings ever be with them, and at last may we all meet where parting scenes are known no more. C. A. SKINNER.

A CARD.

The undersigned, for himself and family, gratefully acknowledges the receipt of $250, in cash, clothing, and provisions, donated by the members and friends of the "First Uuiversalist Society in Buffalo," on the evening of the 9th instant. S. R. SMITH.

DONATION VISIT.

The friends of the Rev. T. J. Whitcomb, in Newport and vicinity, are respectfully invited to attend a Donation Visit, at his residence, in Newport Village, on the afternoon and evening of Thursday, Feb 1st.

Per Order of the Committee.

Newport, Jan. 9th, 1849

CONFERENCE.

There will be a Conference in Edmeston, Otsego Co., the 1st Wednesday and Thursday in next February. Friends generally, and ministers in particular, are invited to attend. Come one, come all.

BUSINESS ITEMS.

Br. Tompkins—At the request of the parties most concerned, I directed you to discontinue the Quarterly sent to Miss Abercombie, Sullivan, Madison co., N. Y., before I left Utica. I am informed that it still continues to be sent. You will please attend to it. A W.

Messrs. Mudge & Corliss, credit Mrs. Ann Shumway, of this city, $1.00 for Miscellany, and charge this office.

Br. Jason A. Keyes is our authorized Agent for Auburn, N. Y. and vicinity, for the Magazine and Advocate, Messenger, and Ambassador, and his receipt will be valid. S. C. B. & CO.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. S. J. Hillyer will preach in Croton, N. Y., the 1st Sunday in February, and evenings as follows: Somers, Feb. 1st; Yorktown, 2d; Peekskill, 3d; Sing Sing, 4th; New Castle, 5th; North Castle, near Dr. Mackay's, 6th.

Br. Wm. McNeil will preach in Ratt's Hollow, Sunday Morning, January 28, and in Morrisville, in the Afternoon of the same day. Services to commence at the usual hours.

Br. Lyon is giving a course of Lectures in illustration and defence of Universalism, in the church, corner of South Third and Fourth-sts. Williamsburgh. Subject next Sabbath evening: Moral Influence of Universalism. f

Br. Geo. H. Deere, will preach in Blauvelt ville, next Sunday, (tomorrow.)

MARRIAGES.

In Dexter, Jan. 1st, by Rev. C. A. Skinner, Mr. Harry Stone, to Miss Ann Corey, both of Dexter.

In Piermont, Jan. 7th, by Rev. S. C Bulkeley, Mr. John D. Clark, to Miss Hannah M. Sarvent; Mr. Wm. H. Bell, to Miss Sarah E. Scott.

New-York Cattle Market....Tuesday, Jan. 16.

At market 1,400 Beef Cattle, (609 Southern, remainder this State,) 50 Cows and Calves, and 3,000 Sheep and Lambs.

BEEF CATTLE.—The extremely unfavorable state of the weather retards operations in the yard, to-day, and the market upon the whole may be reported very dull. Prices, since our last, have given way a fraction, and we now quote the extremes of the market at from $6 to $8.50, as in quality. It is probable there was about 500 head left over.

COWS AND CALVES—All taken at from $22 50 to $32a$45.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Sheep at from $1 50 to $3a6 50, which is higher. Lambs $1 50 to $3. Left over 550.

NEW-YORK MARKET—WHOLESALE PRICES.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

PROVISIONS.

Flour, per bbl.,	$5 75a6 12	Beef, mess, per. bbl.	11 50a12 50
Wheat, Genesee, bush.,	1 30	" Prime, "	$7 50a8 25
" Western, "	1 12a1 20	Lard, per lb.,	7 1-2a8
Indian Meal, per bbl.,	300a3 25	Cheese, "	6 1-2a7 1-4
Corn, round, per bush.,	64a75	Butter, Orange Co. dairy,	19a22
" mixed, "	62a65	" Western "	16a18
" New Orleans, "	61a64	" Ohio Common,	11a12
Rye, "	67	Salt, Turks' Island, bush.,	21
Oats, "	43a45	" L'pool grnd, sack,	1 02a1 05
Pork, Mess, per bbl.,	15a$15 50	" " fine, "	1 20a1 35
" Prime, "	14 25a$14 50	Wool, pulled and fleece,	23 a 36

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hay, pressed, per 100 lbs.	59a60	Timothy Seed, tierce,	17a18
Hops, per lb.,	9a10	Clover " per lb.,	6a6 3-4
Feathers, live American,	30a35	Flax, rough, in bulk, per	
Flax, per lb.,	9	bushel,	1 20a1 22